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SEEK LIGHT ON SCHOOL LAND DEALS

# THE DAY BOOK

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## HORRORS! TRIB SLAPS AT COL. FOREMAN!

Major Bertie McCormick's Sheet, Shocks Sassiety by  
Rap at the Silk-Stocking Colonel—Bertie Bites  
the Hand That Made Him.

Major Bertie McCormick, the Tribune soldier, seems to be playing a measly trick on his commanding officer, Col. Milton J. Foreman of the First cavalry. The Trib Thursday printed a yarn from Floyd P. Gibbons at Brownsville, Tex., that doesn't exactly fit in well with Bertie's rosy editorials on the First cavalry.

Gibbons' story gives the lie direct to Foreman's statement that everything was lovely among the privates of the First and that there was no sickness in the camp. Gibbons says that dengue fever has invaded the camp and that Foreman's own private chef, who cooks dishes a la

Blackstone for the colonel, has been stricken with it.

This is going pretty strong for a reporter employed by Bertie, who was made an honest-to-goodness major by one stroke of Foreman's pen. But Gibbons rubs it even deeper in the following quotation from a member of Foreman's regiment:

"The colonel gets up every morning and walks in his bathrobe to the officers' shower bath. After a bath and a rub-down he returns to his big, well-floored, fly-screened tent and lies down while an osteopath from the hospital gives him a massage.

"Then his personal striker helps